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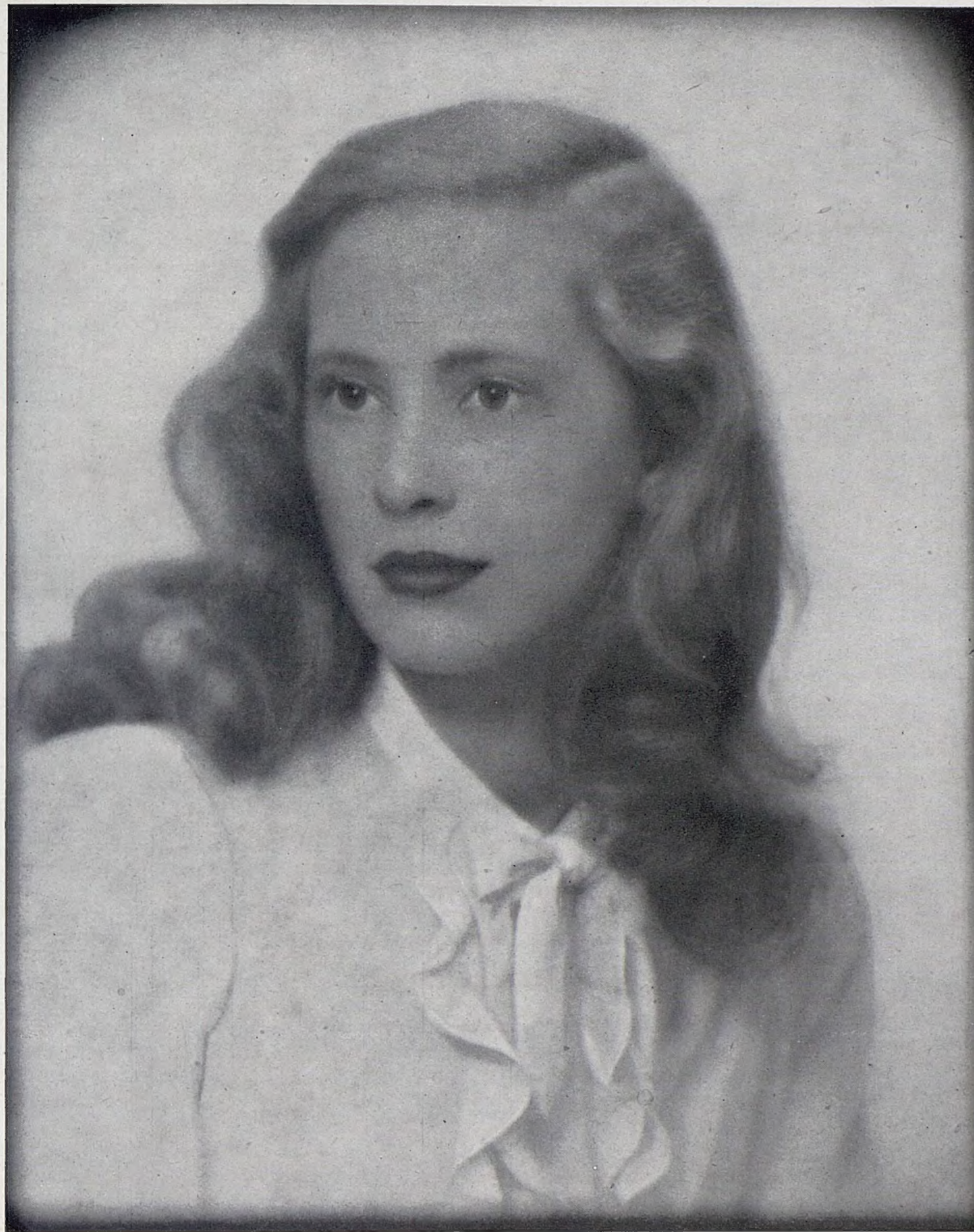
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Catherine Bell

Mrs. Robert K. Miura: Descendant of a Russian Poet

Mademoiselle Barbara des Aubrys, daughter of M. Boris des Aubrys, Secretary-General of the Mission of the French Ministry of Industrial Production in London, and Mme des Aubrys, recently married Mr. Robert K. Miura at the Orthodox Church of St. Philippe, Buckingham Palace Road. Her father, who is a descendant of Lermontoff, the famous Russian romantic poet, is a distinguished writer himself and a member of the French Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers. He has translated many of his ancestor's works. Mrs. Miura's elder brother, now at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was a member of the F.F.I. during the war and after liberation was a volunteer in the First Airborne Regiment.

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

Cross-Country

ON Saturday, beneath a magnanimous sun, I motored across Wiltshire and into the foreign territory which is Hants. From a train you cannot properly savour a countryside. The majestic, uncontrollable noise, the embankment, the smoke and cinders, do not make for relaxation. As Thackeray once said, how solemn are the faces in a train! To get the feeling of a landscape you need to be on horseback, or at least in a car. Both forms of transport have been practically denied me for five years; so, with the Kiplingesque fervour of the returned expatriate, I gazed upon Devizes, and its elegant Charles II architecture, drowsy with the memories of woollen riches which somewhere slipped away about the middle of the eighteenth century; or passed great abandoned aerodromes, disturbed by nothing noisier than a curlew, and the shivering of a windsock that nobody had bothered to take down.

Stoke Charity

EVEN to lose one's way was a pleasure. It took me to a village with the exquisite name of Stoke Charity. Stoke Charity! It evokes a hard Gothic winter, and sinners outside in the snow—in short, the world of that strange short story by D. H. Lawrence, *A Fragment of Stained Glass*. But I can only remember warm brickwork, and somewhere near, under an awning of leaves, a stream slipping secretly through reeds, every third one of which waved a pale green powder puff. When one was young, why did one not spend all the summer flirting by a stream? Instead, one frittered away one's life, worrying lest one might be sent to Helsinki, or allowing one's smart, ruthless friends to upset one with their talk of parties which one would in any case have hated. . . .

At last I came to my goal, "The Grange," Alresford, once the seat of that worthy banker-politician, Alexander Baring (1774-1848), first Lord Ashburton of the second creation.

Ashburton is almost forgotten now, but he was a big-wig in his day, and, apart from Tom Paine, one of the first Englishmen after the War of Independence to be cherished with affection in America. His sturdy, businesslike espousal of the reactionary cause in almost every political crisis of his age, his consistent opposition to almost every reform, must have endeared him to the canny merchants of New England; we owe to him at least the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842, that settled the tiresome dispute over a parcel of territory claimed with equal passion by Canada and the State of Maine. He would have been Chancellor of the Exchequer in Wellington's stillborn government of 1832, when the hubbub over reform had grown deafening. But at the last moment he lost his nerve; he would not face a furious House of Commons. Two years later, however, he got his reward, when Robert Peel gave him the Board of Trade. Then next year he is ennobled, honours crowd upon him, until at last he slips out of history—with some unease we may safely assume—in a boat on the lake at Compiègne with the terrifying Charles Greville.

Greville, who occasionally deigned to look in at "The Grange," describes it as a "beautiful specimen of Grecian architecture." Certainly the setting of the house, with the ground gently falling away to a lake like a Tchaikowsky

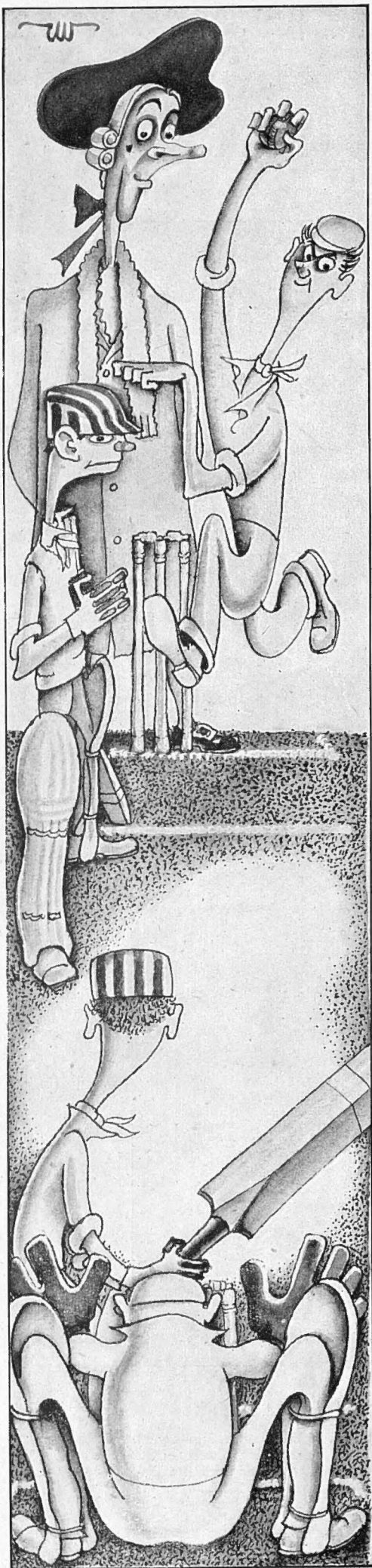
waltz, is as fine as anything the school of "Capability" Brown or Repton could devise. And the house itself, with its huge, austere colonnades, stirs the blood. But to awe, rather than pleasure. In its present form it is the work, perhaps the masterpiece, of Charles Robert Cockerell (1788-1863), that eminent neo-Classicist, who was not content like the Adam brothers to draw his inspiration from one slightly superficial trip to Domitian's palace at Spalato; but who actually carried out on the island of Aegina various excavations which subsequently enriched the British Museum. Certainly, I have never seen in England so purely "Greek" a colonnade as the great one at "The Grange." By comparison, the work of Decimus Burton in Regent's Park seems mean and trivial. Here is Cyclopean architecture. The great echoing halls, the huge sunlit bedrooms empty save for the head-and-tail pieces of vast Victorian mahogany beds—recalling what vast and decorous retirements—suggest that the Ashburtons must have been at least sixteen feet tall, and that Thackeray and Carlyle, whose unpleasant ghosts still disturb the tattered air of the place, must have grown larger than lifesize for their frequent visits to "The Grange."

Bankers' Classic

IT is of course an architectural style which in a debased form still flourishes in America—in the typical Middle Western State buildings or the pretentious bank. Indeed, it belongs entirely to the world of bankers. At "The Grange," before Cockerell laid his erudite hand on it, was born that extraordinary banker, Henry Drummond (1786-1860) one of the founders of the Irvingite Church, and ordained its "angel" for Scotland, the man of whom Greville said, if I remember rightly, that his genius lay on the borderline of madness. Drummond sold it to Ashburton, another banker, and Cockerell, its last embellisher, succeeded Sir John Soane as architect to the Bank of England. Cockerell was famous for his banks; they were his speciality; they are dotted across England from Liverpool to Threadneedle Street. But, a true child of his age, he did not close his Attic ears to the Gothic whispers of Sir Walter Scott. He was a medievalist almost as learned as Street, the builder of the Law Courts. Occasionally, disastrously, as in Lampeter College, or Harrow Chapel, he forsook the inspiration of his warm Greek marble for the foggy pointed arches of the North. . . . How strange it was, the unprincipled alacrity of the last classical architects, to build in the Gothick Mode. One can understand Mrs. Montague's remark in mid-eighteenth century, when she gives up the Chinese Mode for the medieval and talks of "her every pagoda taking the veil." That was exchanging one fancy dress for another. But how could Wyatt, creator of such a classical miracle as Haveringham for the Huntingfields, without a qualm churn out mock cloisters and triforia?

The Rationed Staff

AT the risk of being as obtuse as Marie Antoinette, when she is supposed to have said, "Let them eat cake," I face the prospect of bread rationing with an equable spirit. Any measure which will restrict my intercourse with the modern English "tinned" loaf, receives my liveliest support. While English bread has never in my lifetime, I hold,



Chip Off the Old Vic

Two famous theatre traditions have combined at Bristol, where the Old Vic has started a subsidiary company at the historical Theatre Royal, considered by many to be the finest old playhouse in the provinces. Eager audiences have responded to this venture to establish a regional centre for classical as well as new plays, which in the current season have ranged from Farquhar's *The Beaux Stratagem*, to the first presentation of J. B. Priestley's *Jenny Villiers*. The pictures show scenes from the company's *Twelfth Night*, produced by Hugh Hunt, with settings and costumes by Tanya Moiseiwitsch



Orsino (William Devlin): "If music be the food of love, play on . . ."



JAMES AGATE

AT THE PICTURES

Shakespeare for the Masses

THIS week I propose to discuss the first of a series of films by which Marylebone Film Productions hope to bring Shakespeare to the masses. I was horrified, confounded not by the attempt but by the deed. First let me get rid of the popular misconception that there is no need to take Shakespeare to the masses because the masses lose no opportunity of flocking to Shakespeare of their own accord. Harold Hobson wrote in a recent *Sunday Times*:

"I am mildly puzzled by the notion that Shakespeare needs popularizing with the general public. Few actors earned more from the general public than Irving did; and he got most of his two millions out of Shakespeare. But that was a long time ago? Very well then. Did Mr. Richardson's Falstaff, did Mr. Olivier's Richard III need popularizing with the public, general or otherwise? The only problem the Old Vic had when it was playing Shakespeare in its last two seasons at the New Theatre was that so many people came that many of them couldn't get into the house. But Mr. Olivier and Mr. Richardson gave superb performances? Of course they did. Superb performances, not 'popularizing,' are what Shakespeare needs . . . Shakespeare is already beyond all dispute or cavil the world's most popular dramatist. Mr. Rattigan and Mr. Coward have golden fingers, but the money their admirable plays attract is a cabby's tip compared with what Shakespeare draws into the earth's box offices. No, the proper way of tackling Shakespeare is not to begin his pieces half-way through, and then miss out half of what is left in the fear that audiences can't be expected to stand more than a bit of him. Play him magnificently and they will take it on the chin."

WITH all due respect to an old and valued friend and a brilliant writer this is flat nonsense. The masses, always with the exception of the Old Vic faithfuls, do not flock to Shakespeare. What they flock to is Gielgud in something, and Richardson and Olivier in

something else, and if it's Shakespeare it's just too bad. I quote from an old diary: "It is owing to Wolfitt that for four weeks in succession, *en pleine guerre*, there have been four revivals of plays by Shakespeare played to full or nearly full houses. But this is no reason why the London playgoer should lay flattering unction to his soul in the matter of improved taste. D.W.'s manager telephoned me this morning to say that at each and every performance, Czechs, Poles, Norwegians, Belgians, and French had accounted for 50 per cent. of the audience and sometimes 75 per cent. 'The rest have been Jews; had we relied on Christians we should have played to empty benches.'" What happened, pray, when Wolfitt announced his *Lear* at the Scala? The theatre was empty until the *Sunday Times* critic woke 'em up. Hobson talks of the drawing power of Rattigan and Coward, as to which I have to say that their drawing power is real. Coward's *Blithe Spirit* ran for five years and suffered three or four changes of cast; Heaven and John Parker alone know how long *Private Lives* ran. The original cast for the second of these was headed by Gertrude Lawrence and Coward himself; the piece is again running at the re-opened little Fortune Theatre *without these artists*. Can Hobson really believe that the first and second parts of Shakespeare's *Henry IV* could run for five years with actors of diminishing fame? As we used to say in Lancashire: "Have a bit of common!"

BUT to return to the other morning. I was horrified to see that Othello's colour was glossed over, and that there was no suggestion (a) that Desdemona had married a blackamoor, or (b) against her father's will. Horrified to find that the play started with one of Iago's most difficult soliloquies, full of metaphysical straining, and incomprehensible to anybody except practised Shakespearians. Horrified to see nothing of Cassio and Roderigo. Horrified when the business of the handkerchief was cut to an unintelligible two-thirds. Horrified that the audience was not told that the tragedy of Othello is that of a noble and



Yvonne Mitchell as Viola



Photographs by
John Vickers

Antonio (Dan Cunningham): "Which is Sebastian?"

simple soul undone by a subtle, scheming rascal. Horrified when they drowned Othello's closing speeches with the last movement of Tschaiikowsky's Sixth Symphony. Horrified when Othello, instead of stifling Desdemona, strangled her. Horrified when Iago, instead of having the lean, sinister look which the *optique du théâtre* demands, was presented by an actor chubby of face, Falstaffianly stomached, and ready at any moment, one thought, to burst into an aria à la Caruso. Horrified when in enormous letters the screen announced "Iaggo," followed by the actor's name.

I CONFESS that nothing would please me better than to make the short version of *Macbeth*. But I should have to be given a free hand. I hold that two things are essential in anybody who is going to film Shakespeare for the masses—reasonable understanding of Shakespeare and a comprehensive understanding of the masses. What is the little chit whom I overheard in the bus saying to her friend, "You wasn't taking us to the pictures Setterday was you, 'Orace?"—what is Camden Town going to make of:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand
will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red?"

Wherefore I should insist upon making the plot as plain as if it was something enacted by Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake. I should make it clear, probably by a commentator or conceivably a Reciter in the Obey manner, that *Macbeth* is a tragedy of retribution. Further, that the evil was not prompted by Lady Macbeth but originated in Macbeth's mind ("What beast was't then That made you break this enterprise to me?") long before the encounter with the Witches. Having established beyond any manner of doubt what was the core of the play—I should show the Witches as spirits abetting evil rather than instigating it—I should then trust to the poetry to get by, though I have almost no hope that it will. As the inventor of the law which I call the Non-Increasability of Nothing I must believe in the Non-Educability of the Masses, whether by Shakespeare, Beethoven or anybody else. But I am a firm believer in the Forlorn Hope, and as such can only pray that my chit in the bus will be able to conceive that somebody can incarnadine something beyond her multitudinous toe and finger nails.

DR. BOWDLER wrote in the preface to the first edition of his *Family Shakespeare*: "I can hardly imagine a more pleasing occupation for a winter's evening in the country, than for a father to read one of Shakespeare's plays to his family circle. My object is to

enable him to do so without incurring the danger of falling unawares among words and expressions which are of such a nature as to raise a blush on the cheek of modesty, or render it necessary for the reader to pause, and examine the sequel, before he proceeds further in the entertainment of the evening." Yet Dr. B. could retain the line:

"Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,"

which the other morning's film altered to:

"Villain, be sure thou prove my love is false."

Four-fifths of today's screen heroines are "gold diggers," the modern euphemism for the old, robustious, Tearsheetish thing. The word is banned by the film censors, who have no objection to the pollution of young mind so long as young mind doesn't know what pollution is called.

BUT all that is by the way. The point, I repeat, is that whoever is going to make a film of, say, *Macbeth*, must be given an absolutely free hand. Nothing must be taken from his script and nothing added to it. He must be given a voice in the casting, and the power of veto. Whom would I personally cast for Macbeth? I can think of five actors whom I should very much like to see in the part. Basil Sydney, Leslie Banks, William Devlin, William Fox and Esmond Knight. For Lady Macbeth I should unhesitatingly choose Sonia Dresdel. The critics are always complaining that a part is not worthy of Dresdel's powers. Well, here is a part that is! I am tired of Lady Macbeths who squirrelize the rôle after the likeness of Ibsen's Nora. I am tired, too, of those Lady M's who go through the tragedy with their eyes open but their sense shut, and are less than awake everywhere except in the sleep-walking scene. Almost any noble goose will do for Banquo, and there will be no nonsense about Lennox, Ross, Monteith, Angus, and Caithness. I should want about five supers to suggest the guests at the banquet; these would afterwards turn themselves into Malcolm's army.

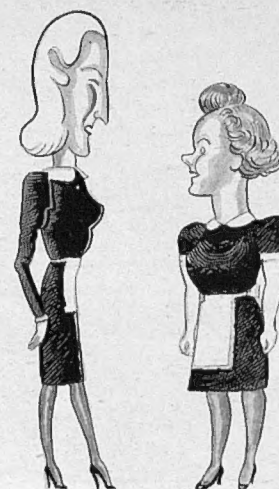
Curtains and a few bits of painted cardboard would suffice for the scenery. I should get as background music some nice, disgruntled Sibelius records turned down very low, and, given as much intelligence and drive as, say, a caterer puts into his business, the whole thing could be shot in a week. No, I should not want to "produce." And if I know my Dresdel she would say to any camera-man with views about picturization in the Dilysian mode, "Leave that damned thing where it is, and just turn the handle while I act. And no nonsense about photographing the candlestick. Who do you think is playing Lady Macbeth? Me or the candle?" Which would be very rude of Dresdel. But entirely right.



Faith Brook as Olivia



Anthony Hawtrey as Paul Carrington and Sonia Dresdel as his wife, Ruth Carrington, who, from the first day of her marriage, discovers he has married her for twenty Old Masters which she does not possess. From then on she suffers the cynical and sardonic cruelty of a disillusioned art-lover



Joslin Parlane as Henrietta and Patricia Glyn as Joyce: Henrietta leaves to get married and hands over her duties to Joyce

The Theatre

"Green Laughter" (Comedy)

Nor so much a play, you may think, as a piece of dressmaking, a fancy dress, preposterous yet becoming, designed to set off the peculiar acting graces of Miss Sonia Dresdel. She realizes its possibilities down to the last pleat. It first presents her as an ageing frump, twitteringly happy and frankly surprised to find herself married.

Alas, her husband, a professional valuer of antiques, has married her for a collection of Old Masters, and it is only on the night of the wedding that he learns that this expected dowry belongs, in fact, to her uncle. A disappointed collector is something very different from an enraged sheep. This one spends every spare moment of the next few weeks reminding his wife-in-name of her age, taunting her with her lack of charm, and the poor woman fades and wilts. All her life they have laughed at her. There is no escape from this hideous, unfair mockery. There never will be. And Miss Dresdel shrinks into a corner of the sofa as though into the murky depths of a Zola novel. She dare not look into the mirror, not even when the husband holds her face up to it.

OBVIOUSLY this sort of thing cannot go on indefinitely. The dress is shaken out afresh, and a chance acquaintance of the streets, a happy-go-lucky wanderer about the earth, is sympathetic. He perceives the gaiety of heart that shines indomitably through the woman's misery, gaiety that needs only a little delicate flattery to give it freedom. He telephones her every morning; he takes her out and about; he encourages her to buy fashionable clothes and furs. And the clothes that suit her style have the miraculous effect of restoring her youth. She falls in love with her discoverer and he with her. Miss Dresdel is now all vivacity and grace, the heroine of a fairy tale, a woman of the world deep in first love; and how amusingly and amusedly she confronts the husband, returned from a business trip, with this new woman! He is quick to

see that she is no longer vulnerable to his cruel taunts, for knowing that she loves and is loved she can afford to laugh at him.

BUT neither can this sort of thing go on indefinitely. And so the effect of her indifference to her husband is that he falls madly in love with her. The sadist turns masochist. His explanation is that his former cruelty sprang from a complex. Someone in childhood deprived him of a beautiful possession, and all his life he had longed passionately to possess beautiful things. The shock of discovering that he had not, after all, married a collection of Old Masters was too much for him. Hence his cruelty. Now he recognizes in his wife a living beauty transcending that of art. Almost a sympathetic character, which only shows how useful to a plot-maker is a smattering of psycho-analysis.

Almost sympathetic, but not quite. His interception of a letter leads his wife to suppose that her lover has deserted her and youth begins to slip away again; but then—in much the best scene of the play—she recovers her nerve and proves to herself that she has indeed become a new woman. Firm and unpitiful, she leaves the wretched husband to his fate.

IN this well-devised scene the author, Miss Rose Simon Kohn, ceases to seem a dressmaker and assumes the dignity of a playwright. Miss Dresdel cannot altogether conceal the nonsensical character of the story, but she seizes the acting opportunities with accomplished certainty. Her sadness is touching, her vivacity charming, and her final metamorphosis into eager and confident womanhood thrilling. Mr. Anthony Hawtrey plays the bad man abominably well. His complacency is terrifying. But it is Mr. John Sweet who gives the play a sense of reality with a performance of unstrained simplicity as the wanderer with a kindly heart and a seeing eye.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Sketches by
Tom Titt

John Sweet as Alan Morris, the young Canadian, who rescues Mrs. Carrington from her drab and unhappy existence and transforms her into a gay and smartly dressed woman



Baron

ONCE OVER, LIGHTLY

WILLIAM MOLLISON, PRODUCER OF ONE HUNDRED SHOWS

ONE night in September 1898 William Mollison, actor, arrived home late at No. 15, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood; went into the room where his five-year-old son, William, was still awake and, tossing his top hat on the bed, exclaimed to his wife: "God—what a failure!"

Only a few hours before, the curtain had fallen on Mollison, senior, and *Auld Lang Syne* at the Lyceum Theatre, and a frigid audience had filed out into the gas-lit streets.

That bedroom scene is the earliest theatrical recollection of William Mollison, producer of 100 shows (latest, *Can-Can* at the Adelphi), and is probably the reason why he has so cheerfully survived in one of the most precarious of all professions.

He remembers his failures when the clapping is loudest and public acclaim at its height. He remembered that bedroom scene in 1925-26, when his *No, No, Nanette* made £220,000; his *Mercenary Mary* £78,000, and when the success of *The Best People* brought "House Full" boards out on three Mollison West End shows at the same time. He remembered it throughout his eleven golden years between 1925 and 1936, when he crossed the Atlantic twenty-three times and became as well known on Broadway and in the bar of the Algonquin as he is in Shaftesbury Avenue and the Carlton.

He remembers it now with his latest show fighting for its life, and it is probably because of this that, at the age of fifty-three, Bill Mollison is a merry, worldly-wise man with an undiminished zest for life who does not take anyone or anything too seriously—least of all himself.

HE inherited his love of life from his father, who was a great Shakespearean actor and Bohemian, with a wide circle of friends ranging from Oscar Wilde to Sir Henry Irving. His father loved life so much that when he died he left no money, and Bill, his two brothers (Clifford and Henry) and their mother had to fend for themselves. "We had always lived in the greatest luxury—a gay and gaudy life," says Mollison. "My father filled our house with interesting people; entertained lavishly and had little money sense."

The Mollison family were compelled to take a small flat in Upper Shaftesbury Avenue

opposite the French Theatre, and son William was obliged to earn some regular money. "I remember," says Bill, "how every morning I would go downstairs in my dressing-gown to fetch the milk and every morning I would meet a beautiful, dark-haired girl from another flat also fetching the milk. She would pick up the bottle, look at me and say, 'Good morning, darling.' She was Alice Delysia, who years later appeared in some of my biggest productions."

Mollison had already done quite a lot of acting. His father was leading man for Sir Henry Irving, and young William made his first appearance in 1904 at Drury Lane, when he took the part of the starving boy in Irving's production of *Dante*.

"I remember," says Bill, "sitting in hotel rooms with the great but lonely man while he drank Guinness; ate cold roast beef and talked of the theatre. He gave me a set of Shakespeare and a gold pencil."

WHEN he left school young Mollison worked with some touring companies, but he hated the squalor of theatrical lodgings. "I took a long shot and wrote to Tree," Bill told me. "To my astonishment, he engaged me at £4 10s. a week." Mollison preferred production to acting. Tree recognised this; consulted him on many points, and so the producer was born. Then, always restless, avid for new experiences and with that zest for life which to-day is as strong as ever, Bill accepted an offer to go to South Africa on tour. War broke out; he volunteered, and spent the next three-and-a-half years soldiering in the wildest parts of Africa.

"Then came the end of the war and I returned to civilian life terrified that no one would want me," he says. He was pleasantly surprised, for the African Theatre Trust—short of artistes and producers—pounced on him and he produced and acted in shows all over Africa. "I loved it," he said. "I never wanted to return, but, of course, I did."

It was a Transatlantic crossing that changed the course of Mollison's life. He travelled to America on the *Berengaria* in search of a play for Lady Forbes-Robertson. On the same passenger-list was Jack Waller, who told him he was looking for a musical play with which to open a new firm with Herbert Clayton. There

was an American aboard who had seen Mollison in America and admired his work.

He told Mollison that a friend of his had just produced a musical comedy in Detroit called *No, No, Nanette*. "We went to Detroit to see the show," Mollison said. "The numbers 'I Want To Be Happy' and 'Tea for Two' weren't in it at the time, but we recognised it as a great property. After a lot of trouble we bought it." *No, No, Nanette* opened poorly in Glasgow. Then the police had to be called to control the crowds; it had a riotous first night in London on March 11, 1925, and within a few months all Britain was singing "Tea for Two" and "I Want To Be Happy."

Six months later he produced *Mercenary Mary* at the Hippodrome. It was an immediate hit. Then *The Best People*, and that began a run of "hit" shows which often made Mollison marvel at his luck.

He showed me a list of them—scribbled in a penny notebook: *Princess Charming*; *Hit the Deck* (in which he discovered the late Sydney Howard); *Sons of Guns*; *Dear Love*; *The Cat and the Fiddle*; *Jill Darling*. Between 1925 and 1930 he produced 20 musicals and straight plays. He went to America to produce for the firm of Shubert; presented *Wonder Bar*, with Al Jolson and—quoting Bill—"seventy of America's most beautiful girls and a great cast."

MOLLISON made a lot of money; spent a lot of money; had a lot of fun. Every now and then he treated something seriously. He took *Richard of Bordeaux* to New York. It was a great success in Boston; a failure in New York. He knew everybody in London and New York—and everyone knew him. Brothers Clifford and Henry (both actors) were also doing well—and cousin Jim, the flier, who also enjoyed life quite a lot.

Now Bill Mollison lives alone in a small bachelor flat at No. 12, Arlington Street, and it is good to visit him and hear him talk, and know that here is a man who is loving life. He is a friend to those in trouble, and in the world in which Mollison moves there is always someone in some sort of trouble.

As far as you can judge, he seems a very happy man. He will be even happier if *Can-Can* turns that corner. But if it doesn't—well, it is all in a producer's lifetime.

IT WAS A VERY BRAVE SHOW

BEFORE the war the annual ten-day International Horse Show was a spectacle of jumping and fine turn-out which held a high place in the sporting calendar. Travel difficulties have prevented it being held this year, but the three-day National Horse Show at the White City Stadium, organised by the Horse Show Committee of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, showed that home-bred stock can put up a performance which compares very favourably with anything seen before the war. A particularly good point was the high quality and keen competition in the children's classes.

There were over 500 entries, and the attendances were good, especially on the last day, when there were 10,000 spectators. On the opening day *The Field* Challenge Cup for hunters was won by Wavering Bee, champion of the last Dublin Show. This chestnut gelding, belonging to Mr. W. H. Cooper and ridden by Mr. H. Catlow, had already won the light-weight class.

ON the second day a feature was the evening performance. First came a single-harness driving class, then the Hack championship, which was won by Mrs. Noel Edwards' June, a beautiful grey mare and lovely mover, ridden by Count Orrsich, who had already ridden the winners of several other classes at the Show. The judges for this class were the Earl Fortescue and Col. Trevor Horn. After that there was jumping by several county teams—won by Gloucestershire—followed by the class for weight-carrying cobs, with twenty-two entries. This very strong class was won by Mrs. Cooke's smart grey cob Knobby. Among those enjoying the show that evening were the Countess Fortescue, Major Stanley Barrat, M.F.H., with Mrs. Barrat, Capt. Tony Samuelson and his mother (who competed in one of the classes), Major and Mrs. Harry Norton and Lord Burghersh.

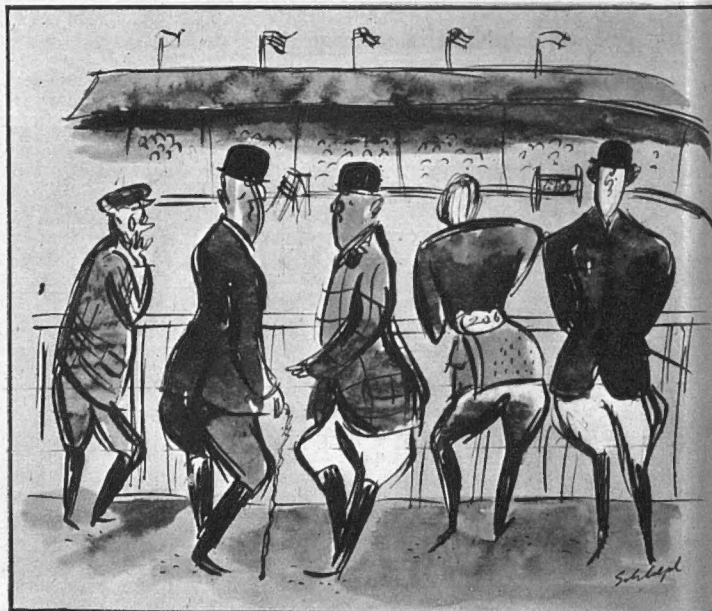
The children's jumping was the great attraction on the last day. The Institute's Challenge Cup was won by Miss Audrey Taylor on her bay Spring. Miss Taylor, who is thirteen years old, has been riding since the age of five and won 109 prizes in shows last year. The Rawnsley Cup for the best child's pony in the Show went to Miss Elizabeth Spooner, aged seven, who rode her chestnut gelding Legend, aged six.



Miss Audrey Taylor, winner of the Juvenile Jumping Competition, is the daughter of Mr. Frank Taylor, a well-known civil engineering contractor. When not at boarding school she looks after her own ponies at her father's home at Liphook, Hampshire. She had one day off from school for the National Horse Show



Presenting the Challenge Cup



The People Who Know All About Horses

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW

PEGGY SCHLEGEL
DID THE DRAWINGS



Hanover, owned by Mr. C. H. Blackers,
clearing a jump



Mr. G. H. Bunn's Sea Serpent, a
grey mare of 15.3 hands. All the
classes were well filled and were
of excellent quality



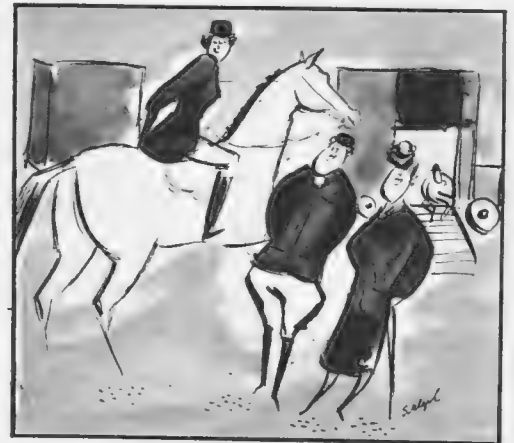
Eight-year-old Jennifer Skelton, who
was dressed in a full riding habit,
with her pony Picture Play, a bay
mare of 14 hands



The Band



The Man Who Blows



In the Paddock



Rubbing Down



Luncheon



"Darling, They Smell!"



Provost J. D. Haggart, O.B.E., and Miss Betty Heyes



Mr. Maurice Codner, the artist, and the Rt. Hon. William Morrison, M.P.



Lt. Richmond, Mrs. Ordway and Lady Williams, mother of the bride

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

ROYAL ASCOT

How delighted everyone was to have a Royal Ascot again! The arrival shortly before the first race on the opening day of the King and Queen with Princess Elizabeth and members of their house-party driving in open landaus along the course (their Majesties' carriage drawn by Windsor greys), stopping at the Royal Enclosure, where the party proceeded to the Royal Box which was gaily decorated with pink geraniums and blue hydrangeas, gave the first Royal Ascot since 1939 a great send-off.

There was tremendous cheering right along the route as the Royal procession drove past. With their Majesties in the first carriage were Viscount Lascelles (a devotee of racing since his schooldays at Eton!) and the Duke of Beaufort, followed by Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Royal, accompanied by the Earl of Euston and the Earl of Ellesmere. Staying at Windsor Castle with their Majesties for the meeting were the Princess Royal, with whom racing has been a lifelong interest, and her elder son, Viscount Lascelles, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, the Earl of Euston, Lord Porchester, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, Sir Eric Miéville, Lord Stanley and Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford with their daughter Violet.

The Duchess of Kent motored over from her home the first day, but joined the Royal house-party in the middle of the week. On the first day I noticed the Duchess of Kent's car was decorated with a garland of Alexandra roses—a reminder to everyone that it was Alexandra Day, for which H.R.H., as President of the Fund, had made a tour of the London depots the previous day. The weather was on the whole unkind: the first day, after a threatening morning, it remained fine, but windy and overcast. The next two days were distinctly unpleasant, wet at intervals overhead and continuously underfoot! The final day improved, and many thin frocks made their first appearance.

The racing was of the highest standard, but it was regrettable that there was not a Royal win at the meeting. As had been expected, the French horses did very well, especially in the longer races, in which they excel. That great pillar of the turf in France, M. Boussac, was the most successful French owner, winning three races with horses he had bred himself. His big success at the meeting was when his unbeaten four-year-old, Caracalla II., won the Gold Cup in such convincing style from two other French horses, Chanteur II. and Basileus. I was interested to hear that the winner, like the wonderful old Brown Jack, who was a winner

at Ascot so many times, never ran as a two-year-old, proving once more the wisdom of this practice followed so often in France, where they produce fine stayers, but seldom in this country.

Mr. John Dewar was the most successful British owner, winning three races (also with home-bred horses). His trainer, Fred Darling, had five winners at the meeting, a splendid record, and everyone was sad to hear he was ill in a nursing-home and unable to be present at Ascot. Sam Darling, who is looking after the famous Beckhampston stable in his absence, deputised for his brother.

SOME OF THE CLOTHES

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN wore a lovely shade of blue on the first day, with a hat to match trimmed with flowers. She had worn this at a recent wedding. Princess Elizabeth was in pink. The next day I noticed the Princess in the long fawn coat and little white-flowered hat she had worn at the Oaks, and another day she wore the pale-blue outfit previously seen at the Victory Parade. The Queen did not go to Ascot on the second day.

Royal Ascot centres naturally around the Royal Box and the Royal Enclosure, and it was a considerate thought of Her Majesty's not to allow her personal bereavement in the death of her sister-in-law, the Countess of Strathmore, to interfere with arrangements for the Royal visit each day. She remained at Windsor Castle for one day following the news, but on the Thursday, when the Royal party drove up the course again, Her Majesty was in the carriage, wearing the palest pink. For the final day she chose her pale-grey ensemble. The Duchess of Kent on the first day wore a fur coat over her dress, and a picture hat trimmed with an ostrich feather which caused her some anxious moments in the wind! Another day she was wearing the brown-velvet coat and small hat of paradise plumes that she wore at the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland's wedding. On the final day she looked very summery in a pale beige printed dress and a large hat of the same shade trimmed with two tufts of ospreys.

Another day I noticed the Countess of Ellesmere, looking attractive in navy blue; Lady de Trafford, in a smart brown-and-white outfit; her sister, the Duchess of Marlborough, wearing one of the fashionable felt bowlers in white, and Mme. Ruegger, wearing a pretty, short white jacket over her black dress. Lady Ednam and her sister, Mrs. "Jaky" Astor, wore attractive clothes each day, as did Mme. Massigli, with some lovely hats. Lady Margaret Myddelton,

who was with Col. Ririd Myddelton, looked neat and attractive in navy blue and white, which was the colour-scheme chosen by many, including the Marchioness of Hartington, Dorothy Countess Beatty, Mrs. Eustace Storey and pretty Miss Ursula James, who was with her mother, Lady Serena James, looking lovely in an uncommon shade of petunia. Miss Violet de Trafford looked very pretty in a beautifully tailored red coat and a tiny cap of red and yellow flowers when I noticed her accompanying Princess Elizabeth to see the horses before the second race. Another day she looked sweet in pale blue, with a little feathered hat.

Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, whom I met with her sister-in-law, Countess Beauchamp wore a striking white suit with a chic white felt hat. The Marchioness of Huntly and Lady Newtown Butler both wore mink coats over their dresses on the colder days. Lady Winton I saw wearing one of the new plastic mackintoshes over her pink ensemble. Mrs. Denis Alexander wore a striking striped hat one day, and her long white coat, cut on military lines, which she wore the next day was much admired. Mrs. John Ward and Mrs. Eric Davis, who both always have exceptionally attractive clothes, looked smart each day. I liked the former's plain white coat, and another day her very simple plain black dress, which she wore with a boater trimmed with spotted voile, a model that Mme. Massigli had chosen to wear too, but not on the same day!

Mrs. Davis's beautifully-cut navy-blue jacket with a tartan pleated skirt and small navy-blue and white hat was another winner. The Marquesa de Santa Cruz looked chic in black, and so did Lady Munro, who had touches of yellow with hers. A little further on I saw Mrs. Charles Sweeny, looking beautiful in a long black coat with a mushroom-pink felt hat trimmed with an ostrich feather, while Lady McLean looked exceptionally smart in a fawn ensemble.

MORE RACEGOERS

OTHERS I saw during the meeting were the French Ambassador, to whom the string of French wins must have given a patriotic delight; the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Norfolk—who had had a busy time before the meeting as His Majesty's representative at Ascot—the Duchess of Norfolk, Col. Sir Dermot McMurrough Kavanagh, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Douglas-Pennant, Major and Mrs. Tom Dearbergh with their daughter Susan, Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, and Cdr. and Mrs. Scott Miller.



The bridal attendants, Miss Ursula McNair-Jones and Miss Eleanor McCreddie

Lord and Lady Vaughan had come over from Queen's Hill, where they were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Raphael, and Mr. Nigel and Lady Gloria Fisher, who had the house they have taken at Windsor (until recently the home of Viscount and Viscountess Alexander) filled with friends for Ascot, were also there. Col. John and Lady Jane Nelson were among their guests.

Miss Mala Brand also had a house-party at her charming house at Chobham. Her guests included the Marques and Marquesa de Santa Cruz, the Duke and Duchess of Luna and the Spanish Ambassador's son, Señor Don Juan de las Bárcenas, with his attractive blonde wife. The Countess of Ronaldshay, whom I met looking pretty in red, had her father and mother-in-law, the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland, staying with her. The Ronaldshays have just moved into a charming house near Marlow. Lord and Lady Fingall were over from Ireland for the meeting and delighted at the success of Coup Napoleon, as Lord Fingall had bred the winner.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale I met with Lady Frances Hay and Miss Nettlefold, and others there on several days were Lady Fox, Mrs. Washington Singer, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop, Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, the Earl and Countess of Durham, Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas with their younger son, Anthony, and his wife, Lord Morris, Lord and Lady Feversham, Mrs. Walter Whigham, Lady Helen Smith, the Marquess of Tavistock escorting Mrs. Derek Walker, Major and Mrs. Alistair Campbell, the Countess Cadogan, Lady Shakespeare, Mrs. Calvocoressi and her daughter Yolande, Lady Dorothy Head, Lady Broughton, Mr. Derek Mullins, the Earl of Westmorland and his son, Lord Burghersh, and Brigadier Derek Schreiber, just back from Australia.

ASCOT WEEK DANCES

THE Guards Boat Club dance on the Wednesday was the most pre-war gathering there has been for a long time. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth was the guest of honour, and brought a party of young friends with her, most of whom were staying at Windsor Castle as their Majesties' guests during Ascot week. Seven hundred tickets were sold for the ball, and among those present I saw the Hon. Denis Berry, the Marquess of Tavistock, the Earl of Cathcart, Miss Myra Wernher, Sir Charles "Chips" Maclean and his attractive wife, Mr. Charles Frederick, Mr. Archie Fletcher, Miss Alatheia Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Jean Tollemache, Mr. Michael Naylor-Leyland, who had several dances with Her Royal Highness during the evening; the Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cocks, Miss Ann and Miss Barbara Crichton, who are the daughters of Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton; Mr. George Llewellyn and Miss Yolande Calvocoressi, in a lovely pale-blue moiré dress.

The garden of the Club faces on to the Thames and was illuminated with multi-coloured lights, while motor-boats at the disposal of the guests were also lit up. The ballroom, which overlooks the river, was banked with pale pink and blue hydrangeas, and here at midnight two pipe-majors in full dress played an eightsome reel,

much to the enjoyment of many of the guests, including the Hon. Miriam and the Hon. Miranda Fitzalan-Howard, Mr. John Swinton, Mr. Hamish Wallace, Lady Elizabeth Lumley, Miss Elizabeth Moncrieff, Lady Sarah Stuart, Miss Loveday Bolitho and Mr. Paul Freyberg, who is the son of Major-Gen. Sir Bernard Freyberg.

Another very successful dance held on the first night of the races was at Brook House, Ascot, where Mrs. Sheila Tolhurst is running a club which is a perfect home for everyone who loves beautiful things. Here after the first day of the races forgathered a young, smart and very gay crowd. The King's trainer, Mr. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, was staying with his decorative young wife, the former Mrs. Henry Cecil, and dined that evening with Mrs. Robin Wilson. Lady Gloria Fisher, wearing a brilliant rose in her dark hair, was there with her husband and Lady Jane Nelson. Lady Ronaldshay was in a party with the Countess of Kimberley.

Mr. John Dewar quietly celebrated his win that day with his wife, who was wearing a lovely Jeanne Lanvin navy and white French model. The diplomatic world was represented by Mme. Massigli, looking really lovely, and by the Brazilian Ambassador and his wife. Capt. and Mrs. "Bill" Needham brought over a party which included Mr. Needham's brother and

Mr. Lewis Dusart, from Nairobi, and they were joined at the Club by Mr. Rupert Courage (Grenadier Guards) and his attractive young sister, Anne.

Amongst those at the Club during the week were the Philip Dunnes, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord and Lady Northesk, Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley and Lady Janet Crichton-Stuart.

COUNTRY DANCES

I HEAR that the Duchess of Sutherland's tall, attractive daughter, Miss Wendy Shakespeare, has just arrived from India, and that a small dance is being given for her at the Duke's beautiful home, Sutton Place, Guildford, this month. One cannot imagine a more perfect setting for an occasion of this kind than this enchanting old house, with the lovely Long Gallery making such a perfect ballroom, where Ted Heath and his good band will be playing. If only it is a fine evening, guests will be able to enjoy strolling in the beautiful gardens between dances. Another hostess who has chosen a more countrified setting for her daughter's dance than the usual London hotel ballroom is Lady Bailey, who is giving a dance for Miss Patricia Bailey at Hurlingham in the middle of this month. This is also a charming setting for a dance, especially if the weather is kind!



The marriage took place recently of Mr. Ian Auld Mactaggart, of Todhill, Newton Mearns, Renfrewshire, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack A. Mactaggart, of Cable Beach, Nassau, Bahamas, and grandson of Sir John Mactaggart, to Miss Rosemary Williams, only daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Williams, of 80, Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.1. The bride and bridegroom are shown leaving the church

BRITAIN'S CHAMPION TENNIS PLAYERS ARE



Mrs. Michael Menzies (Kay Stammers), with her husband, Major Michael Menzies, and Virginia Victoria, their two-and-a-half-year-old daughter. Mrs. Menzies was Great Britain's No. 1 player at Wimbledon this year against the United States in the Wightman Cup international match



Donald McPhail, champion of Scotland, who played for Great Britain against France in the first round of the European zone of the Davis Cup this year, with his wife and his son, Donald, who is just three

IF reaching the finals at Wimbledon is taken as the sole measure of a country's tennis prowess, this has been a sad year for the British game. The voices which are always raised when Britain strikes a bad patch in sport can be heard asking fretfully "What's wrong?" The truth is that during the war years our tennis players, like other people, were fighting,



Sq./Ldr. Cam Malfroy, the ex-Cambridge tennis captain and New Zealand Davis Cup player, with his wife, the former Miss Sibyl Gordon. They have a family of two small daughters. Malfroy was a fighter pilot during the war and was awarded the D.F.C. and A.F.C.



Leslie Minford and his wife have won five Oxford Blues between them. Before the war Mrs. Minford represented Oxford at lawn tennis and also in the first year of the war, while her husband played lawn tennis, Soccer, Eton Fives and squash

FAMILY PEOPLE

working and bringing up families in an atmosphere of crisis. They have emerged successfully, as these flourishing family groups indicate, but for most of them it has meant the temporary sacrifice of the fine edge of championship form. We may hope that next year's Wimbledon will see our players offering again a dangerous challenge to visiting stars



Mrs. Bostock, the former Miss Jean Nicoll, who played with Mrs. Menzies in the doubles of the Wightman Cup, worked in an R.N. canteen during the war. With her is her husband, Lt. Edward Bostock, R.N.V.R., who saw a great deal of active service in M.L.s.



Brig.-Gen. G. O. M. Jameson, R.E., with his wife and son. He has been three times Army squash champion and twice lawn-tennis champion of the Army. He is playing at Wimbledon this year and in the Army Championships



The Hon. Mrs. Nancy Glover, the British Wightman Cup team captain, with her husband, Capt. Philip Glover, R.N., and their children, John, aged six, and Anne, aged four. Mrs. Glover is the daughter of Lord Lyle of Westbourne. It is the fourth time that she has played in the Wightman Cup. Her husband was R.N. singles champion for nine years

Photographs by D. R. Stuart



Mrs. Peter Halford, the former Mary Whitmarsh, was given her Wightman Cup International colours this year. Her husband, Peter Halford, is an ice-hockey International and served during the war as an engineer officer in the R.N.V.R. Their small son is called Timothy



Mrs. Wyburd, wife of Capt. D. B. W. Wyburd, D.S.O., D.S.C., head of the Naval Mission to Denmark, her mother, Mrs. Ernst Frigast, and her sister, Miss Agnethé Frigast



Mr. Gustav Rasmussen, the Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Frantz Hvass, Director of the Danish Foreign Office



Brig. W. H. F. Crowe, M.C., head of the British Military Mission to Denmark, who has recently been decorated by King Christian with the Order of the "Knight of Danebrog"

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"Party . . . to launch the new book"

THE Grand Opera House management has revived *Joseph*, a *drame lyrique* by Méhul, famous composer of *Le Chant du Départ*. This opera was created 139 years ago and three years later was given in Vienna at the Imperial Opera, where it has remained in the *répertoire* ever since.

In Paris it was played at the Salle Garnier in 1899 for exactly fourteen performances. The other evening, therefore, was really more a *première* than a revival, and the audience that gathered by invitation had almost the appearance of those pre-war days when such an event was a red-letter night in *la vie Parisienne*. The great, golden house was packed. There was a pleasing absence of uniforms, but there was also, alas, a regrettable dearth of evening dress. The few dinner-jackets and "tails" that turned up were redolent of mothballs and skimpily old-fashioned. The *ayant-droit* who have right of entrance at such functions do not belong to the crowd of *parvenus* and *nouveau riche* who can afford to pay anything between 30,000 and 40,000 francs for evening suits in the Black Market.

To me there are few things in the theatre more moving than the moment of suspense which precedes the first notes of a great orchestra. When Reynaldo Hahn, who was conducting, lifted his *bâton* and the audience waited in hushed expectancy, my heart was beating so heavily that it seemed as if all my neighbours must hear it throbbing. It is amazing that so many generations have hitherto been blind to the beauty of Méhul's opera, which has now been received with such enthusiasm—but then, it certainly has never been sung, played or acted so perfectly, and this thanks to Reynaldo Hahn, to whom the present production is due. Visitors to Paris must not miss this, but they will have to book seats well in advance. In

the same programme the Opera House *corps de ballet* appears in the *Suite en Blanc*, taken from Edouard Lalo's ballet *Namouna*. The suite is a series of choreographic studies intended to show off the technique and skill of the Académie Nationale de Danse.

In the centre of the front row of the balcony sat a slim, upright figure which one might have taken for that of a young girl. Big brown eyes shone above smooth cheeks without any vestige of make-up; shining bandeaux of brown hair were drawn smoothly over her ears and knotted in a jutting chignon at the back of her head. This was Mlle. Cléo de Mérode, who, as *petit rat d'opéra*, was well known to the world in the latter days of the last century.

THE Librairie Arthème Fayard is publishing a book by the late X. M. Boulestin, *A Londres Naguère*, which is a continuation—or rather, an amplification—of his delightful autobiography, *Myself, My Two Countries*. Marcel Boulestin was, for forty years, a very dear friend of mine, and his sudden death, during Occupation, was a terrible blow to all of us. Jean Fayard, of *Margaret and Oxford* fame, and A. H. Adair, Marcel's lifelong pal, gave a party the other afternoon to launch the new book that A. H. (otherwise "Robin") will probably translate into English. It took place at Véfours', that delightful old restaurant in the Palais Royal that was the rendezvous of the *jeunesse dorée* towards the end of the eighteenth century and now has a renewed vogue by reason of its excellent cuisine and wine-cellar.

In these days of mass-cocktail-scrambles this was a small and happy meeting of Marcel, Robin and Fayard's old friends. Just the sort of party that Marcel loved. Colette was there, though she goes out very little at present. She suffers from the after-effects of a broken tibia which

was never properly set when the accident, a motor smash, occurred many years ago, and she is off to Uriage to see if the waters will alleviate the grim pain that throbs in her leg and makes walking an agony—though she refuses to admit it. She has a charming flat in one of the old Palais Royal houses overlooking the gardens, not far from Véfours', and she came over with her husband, Maurice Goudek, *en voisine*. Goudek's play *Pas un Mot à la Reine Mère*, which had such a success at the Théâtre Antoine last winter, has just been filmed in rather a novel way, since the theatre was turned into a film studio during the daytime and the play was filmed, as a play, on the stage itself.

The Comtesse Charles de Polignac was at this party, also the Comtesse Jean, one of her in-laws, who is Jeanne Lanvin's daughter and looks as sweet as her name, Marie-Blanche. How do some women always manage to keep the bloom of youth and look so lovely? The same applies to Mme. Edouard Bourdet, whose recent biography of her late husband and his friends was sold out a week after its appearance and has gone into a second edition. Georges Auric was another guest, with his pretty young wife, who looks like a charming, well-groomed school-girl, beautifully dressed and wearing that all-too-rare thing, a becoming hat! She is a well-known portrait painter over here and is going to London to execute various commissions.

THE Duchesse d'Harcourt was bareheaded—unless one counts a wisp of veiling as a head-dress—and wore a brilliant foulard dress of bright emerald-green and pillar-box red that looked as if all the railway signals in the world had met in a wild jamboree, and yet was vastly becoming to her. Christian Bérard—I had never come across him in broad daylight before and

A Diplomatic Wedding in Copenhagen

Daughter of the Chilean Minister to Denmark Married



Col. Noel Craig, Honorary Attaché at the British Legation, and F/Lt. David Kino, Adjutant to the British Air Attaché



The bridegroom (right), Lt. B. E. Taylor, of Detroit, U.S.A., arriving with his best man, Cdr. R. A. Courtney, U.S.A. Naval Attaché to Denmark



Mr. Harold Wessel, brother of the bride, with Princess Ingeborg of Sweden (sister of King Christian) and her daughter, Princess Margaretha of Denmark

realised how red his whiskers are—is still full of his New York adventures and declares that if he had accepted all the contracts offered him he would be designing all the New York theatrical productions for years to come. "But," he protests, "I wish the snobs would remember that I am, above all, a painter."

JEAN COCTEAU is out of town, but Jean Marais was there—it's quite immoral for a boy to be so handsome! Drian, my favourite artist, was present also. His short, clipped curls have become quite white, but otherwise he hasn't changed, and his portraits of lovely creatures are as exquisite as ever. Lots of other interesting people turned up, but I had to leave early, being due at the first night of an amusing musical comedy, *L'Ingénue de Londres*, in which the English actor Edward Stirling and his wife are appearing.

I find that I have spoken of the book-party but not of the book itself. This is because while publishers propose, printers dispose—and the latter, on this occasion, very adjectivally missed the bus.

Voilà!



The bride, Miss Doreen Wessel, arriving at the English church in Copenhagen. Behind is her father, the Chilean Minister



Photographs by Varvara, Copenhagen
Mme. Wessel, wife of the Chilean Minister and the mother of the bride, arriving at the church

● A certain French cinema firm working in the South of France always opens its banking account in the name of the production that is being made. The cashier of a big banking establishment at Nice became positively apoplectic the other day on receiving a cheque thus couched: "Pay five hundred thousand francs . . . to One Night of Love." He calmed down, however, when it was explained to him that this is the title of a picture that is being made from Zola's novel *Une Page d'Amour*



Racegoers Walking Through the Private Park on the Way to the Royal Enclosure



Their Majesties Driving Along the Course



Greeting the Onlookers

ASCOT: THE RACING WAS GOOD BUT THE WEATHER WAS MOODY



Miss G. Kennedy and Miss Kit Misa



Major Cholmondeley Harrison and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, who is a sister of Lord Strathcarron



The Hon. Julian Mond, his mother, Lady Melchett, and his sister, the Hon. Karis Mond



Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Prichard-Jones



Sir Reginald Blair (right) with Miss Dawson and Mrs. Hughes



The Marchioness of Townshend, Mrs. Harold Grenfell and the Marquess of Townshend



Approaching the Golden Gate at Ascot



Passing Through the Village of Cheapside



Cambridge University Cricket Team Beat M. A. Crouch's XI by 7 Wickets at Cambridge

Cambridge team—Sitting: G. L. Willatt, B. S. Hobson, Granger Boston (captain), B. M. W. Trapnell, J. M. Mills. Standing: G. M. Shuttleworth, G. A. Sharp, E. R. Conradi, T. W. Tyrwhitt-Drake, R. A. Stratton, G. S. Seaton, H. Partner (umpire)

M. A. Crouch's XI—Sitting: R. A. Taylor, H. W. Taylor, M. A. Crouch (captain), F. A. Ridgeon, E. A. Burton. Standing: E. Parrish, C. M. Blunt, H. S. Gibbs, J. A. R. Oliver, C. M. E. Sessions



"Now, remember, you have a 128-bars rest, and then ting-ting!"



"Are you the Welsh rarebit?"

BLASTING Heligoland—the late Kaiser's "dagger pointed at England's heart"—into a rubble-heap seems such an obviously sensible thing for the Navy to do that one is apt to forget that the British politicians who exchanged Heligoland for Zanzibar with Germany in 1890 were covered with adulation and flattery by rich women, and deemed themselves gods.

An aged but knowledgeable chap once told us it was not till about 1904, when a sensational spy-story, *The Riddle of the Sands*, came out, founded on actuality, that it dawned on the intelligent that those superb Cabinet figures of 1890, sweeping to and fro in elegant frockcoats and glossy toppers and sniffing majestically at the tea-rose in their buttonholes, were a set of B-minus, pinheaded dumbos. By that time it was too late to do anything, except to gaze owlishly at the map-frontispiece of Erskine Childers' book, which clearly showed Heligoland with its myriad guns guarding the network of shallow Frisian waterways on which the Boche was even then perfecting that scheme for the invasion of England which "Carruthers" and "Davies" stumble on in the story. A dignified leading article by Auntie *Times* headed "Heligoland, Stinks" would (this aged chap said) probably have roused the Race to a frenzy of indignation had not England won the Tests in Australia in that year under "Plum" Warner by three to two and recovered the "Ashes."

Far away in Braunau, on the German-Austrian border, the 15-year-old son of Klara Schickelgrüber, née Poelzel, was going in seriously for Art. Golden days.

Pep

At the Min. of Food, a spy tells us, the publicity-boys are hastily preparing a series of attractive "pep" posters for what the Min. of Agriculture recently called "a grim and melancholy situation."

Pizarro's conquistadors devouring insects and leaves in the Peruvian forests, Morgan's buccaneers in Panama stewing and eating their jackboots, Fred Archer breakfasting off a strip of toast Melba and a glass of warm castor-oil, and the Parisians of 1870 munching their Zoo are obvious subjects. The *pièce de résistance* will be the castaway crew of the *Mignonette* eating Richard Parker. You have not forgotten that high-seas episode, the sensation of the 1880's? Like Little Billee in the old dirge about

the Three Sailors of Bristol City, the boy was young and tender.

"O Billee, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie . . .

The Min. of Food narks will not actually recommend the Race to eat its young, but it will hint delicately that this is surely better than worrying busy politicians involved with the internal affairs of Spain. The posters will be in six gay colours, and maybe there'll be a "follow-up" set featuring a comic character, Mr. Tum, laughing everything off, and finally eating his bowler hat.

You didn't know Utopia was going to be such fun, did you?

Stick

IF a music-critic recently raging at a poor little conductor for lack of discipline had looked up Sir Henry Wood's fascinating treatise, *About Conducting* (1945), he would have realised that the unfortunate object of his spleen probably went to the wrong shop for his baton.

Sir Henry's batons, made specially for him from straight-grain poplar wands, were 24 inches long, including a 5-inch cork handle, weighed one ounce, and were painted a dull-finish white. The great Richter's batons (an old music-lover was telling us) were of equal length but a trifle heavier, being constructed of solid 2-inch rubber with a lead knob. With this baton Richter could lean over and crack lascivious oboes on the crust when they began ogling shy girl harpists halfway through a Beethoven Symphony. You ask how Richter could reach the oboes, who are generally grouped at a safe distance in front of a conductor, behind the violas and flutes? Well (this old music-bug said) Richter had a kind of telephone-extension-bracket fitted to his right wrist. Nikisch used a Colt automatic instead, an idiosyncrasy which earned from his boys the affectionate nickname of Nuts Nikisch. He was not nuts, however; merely allergic to woodwind, like so many lovers of peace and quiet.

Footnote

ANOTHER useful type of baton, preferred by Hans von Bülow, is 4 ft. long and actually a swordstick. The technique is slightly more difficult. Conductors making a sudden furious lunge with the naked steel often overbalance, fall off the rostrum, and pass out. Not that it matters, musically speaking.



The United States team who have held the trophy for the last sixteen years: Margaret Osborne, Louise Brough, Doris Hart, Patricia Canning Todd, and Pauline Betz



The British and American Wightman Cup Teams Meet at Wimbledon

D. R. Stuart

The British team who lost all seven matches to the American team: Joan Curry, Betty Passingham, Molly Lincoln, the Hon. Mrs. Nancy Glover (captain), Kay Menzies, Jean Bostock and Mary Halford

Standing By ...

Offer

POETS being (with a few exceptions) about as useful as dandruff, for which reason Slogger Plato excluded them rigidly from his Ideal Republic, one wonders if that Scottish peer is wise to encourage youthful Air League poets with promises of prize flights to the Channel Islands.

More poets swarm in these islands already than Plato ever dreamed of. One or two are fairly good. Most of them whine and woodle petulantly about Life like sick puppies. Few of them could ever make a good sonnet, the true test of a major poet (such as Lord Alfred Douglas, recently dead). There is obviously no future for 90 per cent. of these rootless, drifting, discontented little types, hence to encourage still more of them seems cruel, unless some benefactor takes them in hand and trains them for the Laureateship. There will always be a market for a Laureate who is good at the Straightforward Historical Epic. Example:

"I'll dine," said Nelson, "but I must bring Emma,"
Which placed the Bishop in a slight dilemma.

Or again:

They said to Strafford: "You shall die to-night!"
And Strafford blew his nose and answered "Right."

Or again:

"Wolsey," he cried, "you're riding for a fall!"
But Wolsey did not take that view at all,
Oddly enough. My, was King Henry red
When Wolsey, just to fool him, died in bed!

Any Laureate worthy of the name can turn out 1000 lines a day, ensuring steady sales and the right of compelling Auntie *Times* to print anything at any time, despite all protests and entreaties.

Purge

DEMOCRACY, said Anatole France, is a bad-tempered bureaucrat glaring at one through a little wicket. Noting that a thousand-odd British bureaucrats were recently fired out into the cold world, we wondered if the glaring habit persists now that the free travel-vouchers (priority, first class) have passed to their thousand-odd successors.

You're probably old enough, chicks, to remember the Great Purge of 1940 at the Min. of Information, when some 2789 surplus booksy riffraff were flung out in one night with a great flourish of trumpets. By the following night

some 3560 fresh booksy riffraff were nesting in their predecessors' frowsy, still-warm lairs, a chap told us, and the atmosphere was that of an overheated henhouse. We asked him if the discarded kept up the old bureaucratic hoo-ha. He said the booksy girls were naturally insufferable, but the male litteratoors looked pinched and cowed. He added: "Of course they were only amateurs." The conversation proceeded:

"Professionals, if fired, would behave differently?"

"How can they ever forget that one in every three of the population of these islands is a bureaucrat of some sort, travelling free? The old team-spirit would prevent them from losing face."

We asked if an ex-bureaucrat would be likely to glare at a woman swooning in his arms with love. He said the rare kind of woman likely to do such a thing would appal and avert even the glassy eye of a permanent official, Class I.

Fish

JUDGING by what a deep-sea fisherman recently told the Fleet Street boys, who are very receptive, the enormous fish struck by his trawler may have been the sleeping whale Jasconius, on whom St. Brendan and his companions landed to celebrate Easter during their voyage to the Happy Isles, thinking him to be an island.

Nothing in that lovely old Celtic legend is more dramatic than the moment when the island suddenly begins to move, the monks leap into their boat, and the great fish Jasconius goes tearing away through the waves, bearing their wood-fire on his back, till he plunges into the deep a couple of leagues away. Sailors occasionally see equally strange and terrible things at sea, which are duly explained away by pale and nervous dons; hence to any reasonable man the Loch Ness Monster probably exists, if only because of the kind of prigs who deny it.

Afterthought

THE same goes for fairies, who, as W. B. Yeats pointed out, are seen not by poets and dreamers, but by the hardheaded peasantry. Similarly with trolls, one of whom we know personally, living in St. John's Wood; the only troll-member of the National Liberal Club, or at least the only clean troll-member.

You don't know half that goes on, as the beauty-specialist said to the plasterer.



"You see! . . . After about five minutes it runs cold"



PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

French Bloodstock

A PORTMANTEAU note seems to be the best way in which to reply to several letters asking what exactly is the Jument Base System, upon which the French bloodstock breeders work. A mention of it in a review of Mr. Phil Bull's *The Best Horses of 1945* has brought this upon me. The French base their system upon what they call "established" mares, and according to an extract in my scrap-book diary of 1911, these are the mares, to the exclusion, presumably, of all others: Cobweb, Miss Letty, Crucifix, Mendicant, Beeswing, Alice Hawthorne, Blink Bonny, Princess of Wales and Spinaway—only nine in all! They believe in breeding back to these famous mares and do not worry about much else.

How About These?

APPARENTLY they do not rate as "established" such matriarchs as Agnes, Ellen Horne, Pocahontas, Queen Mary, Lady Moore Carew, Enigma, Seclusion, Martha Lynn, etc. Personally, and speaking as a mere amateur, I should have imagined that some of these great ladies had a claim to be rated as "established." Queen Mary, for instance, was the great-grand-dam of Hampton and the dam of Blink Bonny; Beeswing was the dam of Newminster, who sired Hampton; Pocahontas was the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, etc.; Alice Hawthorne was the dam of Thormanby (by Windhound); Ellen Horne was the dam of Rouge Rose (dam of Bend'Or, who was by Doncaster), and she was also the great-grand-dam of Robert le Diable; Martha Lynn was the dam of Voltigeur, from whom descended St. Simon. Cobweb, incidentally, was the dam of Bay Middleton. However, it would be possible to go on like this for yards and yards.

I have just pulled out a few to demonstrate my almost complete non-comprehension of why the French selected just those nine and left out so many others. Being just an ignoramus, I have always believed that the whole business of breeding boiled down to the phosphates in the grass, and that you might select and do sums till you were black in the face and get nothing, if those great fundamentals were lacking. This is the best I can do to answer the conundrum. Are these recent happenings at Ascot just a flash in the pan some people want to believe? I am not so sure!

The Opposition Shop

THE reference, of course, is to Bruce-Lowe. It may not be quite correct to call him an opposition shop, and, anyway, some people have even gone for him most vigorously! What he did was to place the various original mares in order of merit—1, 2, 3, etc.—according to the degree of success their descendants in the female line had attained as winners, or the dams of winners, in the three great classic races, the Derby, the Oaks and the Leger, and he then worked it out to his own satisfaction that families 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 represented the highest degree of vital force, i.e., racing capacity, and told us that all, bar Family No. 3, were deficient in sire blood. Bruce-Lowe then gave us another set of figures, which he called the Sire Lines: 3, 8, 11, 12 and 14.

Here the fight began. It has bubbled up at various times, and again quite recently between two doughty opponents, one of whom says that Bruce-Lowe proved nothing! It is not a private fight: anyone can join in. Personally, I do not



A Masterpiece by George Stubbs

This superb picture of a group of foxhounds, painted by George Stubbs about 1765 when he had reached full artistic maturity, is now on view in London. It is one of nine belonging to Earl Fitzwilliam, of Wentworth Woodhouse, Yorks, which are being shown at the galleries of Mr. Jack Ellis, at 16b, Grafton Street, daily (except Saturdays) until July 26th. They give a unique opportunity for studying Stubbs's full development as a painter from about 1750 onwards, and for appreciating those qualities which put him in the forefront of English sporting artists. The proceeds of the exhibition go to the South London Hospital for Women and Children.

propose to risk getting a blackthorn bent over my skull. Bloodstock breeding is a lottery, however much care is exercised. Horse-breeders are at a disadvantage with hound-breeders, because they have to wait so much longer before they can see the results.

Ascot—The Main Targets

OBVIOUSLY, the most important targets of all are the performances of the rising generation, for, satisfactory as it is to see any horse put the hall-mark on the promise of his youth, it is of even greater importance to find out whether the new grapes are likely to give us a vintage wine. What is writ is writ, and it is a waste of good time trying to cancel half a line of it; but the new buds may give a bearing upon which to steer.

It would seem to be more than ever necessary at the present juncture to gather every scrap of information which may help us to build our future policy; for the invader has shown us that he is very formidable, and that we dare not give him an inch lest he should take an ell. These French long-distance horses are very good; they have knocked us out at Ascot, and might also have deprived us of the Derby. Some obvious questions present themselves. Are the authorities across the Channel wiser in their generation than we are in not asking their two-year-olds to race too early or too often? Caracalla II., for instance, never ran as a two-year-old; as a three-year-old he won over 1 mile 7 furlongs, a longer journey than any of ours of that age are asked to tackle. Is it wise to put 9 st. or even 8 st. 12 lb. on immature spinal columns in June? Is there any lesson to be gleaned from a comparison of the vertebrae of Eclipse, who was never raced until he was five, with those of more modern skeletons, which can be, or could be, seen in the South Kensington Museum? Are races like the Coventry and Queen Mary Stakes thus early in the competitors' lives any real guide, and corollary to this question, are they, or any other early-season contests, a wise experiment? Should we not be better serving the ends of one of our most lucrative industries if such races were transferred from Ascot to Doncaster, leaving the subsequent winnings at Newmarket as they are?

These would appear to be urgent questions. There is the general and wider one of whether

the present formidable majority of short-distance races should not be reduced. It has often suggested itself to me that these scrambles from the starting-gate are a heavy tax upon nervous energy, quite apart from any physical strain, and naturally they must affect the younger animal much more than they do the more mature. I am absolutely convinced that racing for a train is not the best training for a race.

Marks of Interrogation

WHAT do these two races, the Coventry and Queen Mary Stakes, really tell us? I suggest that they may have encouraged the hopeful to take a long shot at next year's Derby and Oaks, because winners are now entitled, according to established custom, to enter the inner temple.

As for the rest, it is surely pure guesswork? Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's Tudor Minstrel, son of Owen Tudor, who was a bit apt to have his moods, won his race absolutely as he liked; there was nothing that even looked like being able to extend him. He had 9 st. on his back; the course was definitely heavy, and the time 1 min. 4 secs. not worth thinking about. We shall probably see him sent out favourite for the Middle Park, and if he wins that, he is booked to be winter favourite for the Derby. But if he had had to fight for his life in the Coventry Stakes...? In the case of the young ladies, Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's Apparition had by no means so easy a task, for she had to be ridden out to the last ounce to beat the unfancied Lalita a neck, and the time was 4-5th sec. worse than the colts. It was a bonnie fecht as fights go, and I suppose this nice-looking chestnut filly will go out favourite for next year's One Thousand; but getting down to the hard facts, what real evidence do either of these salad-day performances afford us?

These remarks apply equally to Petition and Wet Bob. The French surely are cramming our thinking-caps upon our heads. We should be grateful. It is dangerous to say: "Oh, yes, but they have just struck a patch of bad horses!" That is of no help at all. The fact remains that these "bad" horses are the best that we have got, and that the invaders have made ours look like a lot of platers. At present the bull is having all the fun, and unless we take him by the horns he will continue so to do.



A Mighty Splashing—and They're Away



The ladies walk the plank down to the Pike and Eel



Old-world courtesy matched the costumes



The Celebrations were Conducted with Great Decorum

Caius Gentlemen and King's Scholars in a (Very Odd) Contest

MAY WEEK visitors at Cambridge were spectators at a real "rag" race when "Eight Gentlemen of Caius" challenged "Eight Scholars of King's" to row down a course of 1000 yards on the Cam.

For this light-hearted traditional event the teams—all ex-Servicemen—were attired in clothes which ranged from Early Victorian style to the Gay 'Nineties. As it was a condition of the contest that

neither crew should have had any previous experience of oarsmanship, there was a good deal of splashing and very little timing. The race was won by "the Gentlemen" by half a length, and the established prize, a firkin of ale, was provided by "the Scholars." This was drunk with much merriment at the Pike and Eel, the finishing-post of the race. All the festivities took place to the accompaniment of a University brass band

*Captured on the
Course by The Tatler
46*



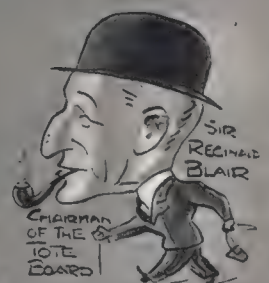
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"AIRBORNE"



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GILBERT



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CARNARVON
& LORD RECHESSTER



SIR
REGINALD
BLAIR
CHAIRMAN OF THE
TOTE
BOARD



FRED
TEMPLEMAN



TOM
BEST—
THE
LANGHAM
APPROX
MAN
TOMMY
WESTON

ELIZABETH

"A History of Trinity College, Dublin"

T.C.D.

"A HISTORY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN : 1591-1892" (Dublin University Press ; 15s.), is the work of Constantia Maxwell, Lecky Professor of Modern History at the University of which she writes. This book adds to our ever-increasing debt to Professor Maxwell—to her humane and friendly interest in general life, to her power of making the past live vividly for the present day. While she is a specialist in the sense of knowing her subject to the core, she is never narrow : to the ordinary reader, such as you and I, her books may be a perpetual delight.

Her *Dublin under the Georges* and *Town and Country Ireland under the Georges*, both published within the last ten years, have been welcomed not only by those who have an interest in Ireland, but by those who relish any extension of the eighteenth-century social scene. In the same sense, though this, her *History of Trinity College, Dublin*, will first of all, and most eagerly, be sought by Trinity College men, I should like also to point out what you may realise—that this life-story of one of Europe's great Universities is of value to all who set store by what the Elizabethan founders of Trinity College called "civilitie." From the time when, on the outskirts of what was still a medieval city, one stone of the College was first laid upon another, the idea of learning, humanism and culture began to be embodied within its walls. Trinity's contribution to civilisation, through her sons and her scholars, has been, it is generally known, immense : Professor Maxwell shows us the nature of this contribution, and the manner in which, through centuries, it has been made.

There is a Foreword by G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who says :

This book tells in detail the story of a unique institution, which for three-and-a-half centuries has embraced so much of what was best, greatest and happiest in the chequered history of Ireland. The proportion of famous Irish names upon its rolls is wonderful—names of poets, satirists, novelists, orators, scientists, historians, men of learning in every branch of study, and publicists and politicians of every party. What other College, I had almost said what other University, could show a nobler roll ? The other thing that strikes an English reader of this scholarly and large-minded work is the evidence it affords of the liberality of Trinity College in days when little else in Ireland was liberal. Furthermore, in the eighteenth century, when almost all other established and endowed institutions in the British Isles were struck with paralysis, when Oxford and Cambridge declined shamefully in numbers, in enterprise and in reputation, the Alma Mater of Edmund Burke was flourishing and adorning herself with new buildings. I am proud to think that Cambridge, and in particular Trinity, Cambridge, had some personal connection with the very early days of Trinity, Dublin. . . .

Pattern

PROFESSOR MAXWELL herself, summarising, towards the close of her last chapter, this history of Trinity College, Dublin, remarks that those who look for a pattern in the life of Dublin University will find this conforming to the general course of Irish history. The College, as she has shown us, was founded as an appendage to the Elizabethan conquest of the country ; to be an instrument of "civilitie." Also, it was to be a symbol of reconciliation between conquerors and conquered. "At first Puritan in character, the result of a number of distinguished Provosts imported from England, it became later a sphere for the High Church activities of Archbishop Laud. But with the fall of the Stuarts the place soon took on a more Irish character and developed into a great Anglo-Irish institution."

Wars and rebellions, in the seventeenth century, produced successive threats to Trinity



Maestro

A remarkable study of Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra during the Croydon Musical Festival, held at the Davis Theatre, Croydon

BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

"The Lifeline"

"Oak Leaves and Lavender"

"Flowing Water"

College: eleven years of fighting, throughout Ireland, with Royalists, Parliamentarians and the Catholic Confederates all in the field, followed the Rebellion of 1641. And the Williamite fighting entailed further ordeals and uncertainties: if the military campaign closed with the Battle of the Boyne, the effect of strong underlying forces in conflict was for a long time longer to be suffered. The cleavage between national Catholic Irish and Protestant Anglo-Irish continued to go deep. Laws making distinctions against Catholics, particularly in the matter of education, hampered the liberal aims and unifying function of Trinity College, and were denounced, in their day, by most of her greatest men—Protestant though these, in all cases, were. In the eighteenth century, age of peace, expansion and reason, Trinity stood for and focused an increasingly civilised, tolerant attitude on the part of the Anglo-Irish towards fellow-countrymen who were Catholics. Grattan's Parliament, with its idealism, looked like being the dawn of a better day for Ireland: it was, however, as we know, swept away by the Union that followed the Rebellion of '98.

The Union unhappily revived political feeling, though, as in the course of the nineteenth century Irish grievances were gradually removed, the College again provided many active in the nationalist cause, and as a body loyally accepted all social, economic and political changes, so that with other great Anglo-Irish institutions she now regards herself as an integral part of the new Ireland.

Personalities

THE story of all this, as told by Professor Maxwell, is full of colour, interest and excitement. She has followed Trinity College history from the inception of the College in 1591 up to its Tercentenary in 1892. Her five chapters are, respectively, entitled: "The Founding of the College," "The Age of Controversy," "Rebellion and War," "The Age of Reason" and "From the Union to the Tercentenary." There has been given to each chapter a framework, as it were, of the main historic events in the United Kingdom (and, occasionally, further abroad) during the period to be covered—thus, the connection between the inside and outside of the College's walls is never lost.

Then we have exceedingly fascinating portrait-biographies of the Provosts and leading Fellows during the years in question; to which are added lively accounts of the Trinity students of that particular day—their general type, way of life, the cost of their living, and their manners, morals and habits, good or bad. Professor Maxwell's research must have been enormous: her documentation can but impress the reader—though she quotes nothing that is not to the point, singular, pithy and, often, exceedingly funny. Here, for instance, is part of a

Dr. Duigenan's attack on Hely-Hutchinson—third of those three great eighteenth-century Trinity College Provosts—who, besides being open to criticism as being worldly and over-political, had ignored the Statute with regard to celibacy:

The College walks and gardens, heretofore sacred to the exercise and contemplation of the sober academic, are now infested by himself and military officers mounted on prancing horses; his wife and adult daughters with their train of female companions, and his infant children, their nurses and gocarts; who by their pomp and clamour have banished the muses, and may probably be the author of greater and more serious evils.

To her impressive account of Trinity scholarship, and quietly eloquent praise of famous men, Professor Maxwell has added, chapter by chapter, an outline of Trinity's architectural growth. This she has enriched by descriptive passages, supported by maps, plans, prints, drawings and photographs. We see how the College—now in the heart of the city which has extended round it—has come, in visual beauty and dignity, to be worthy of its high academic fame. (The great Trinity Library must be one of the most impressive secular interiors in the British Isles.) In the Appendix we have, in the form of extracts from the Journals of Lt.-Col. William Blacker (1777-1855), lively first-hand pictures of Trinity student life in the eighteenth century, of George IV.'s visit to Dublin in 1821, and of Sir Walter Scott's visit in 1825. The forty-nine illustrations include portraits (everything from masterpieces to caricatures) of Trinity personalities. . . . Though this friendly piece of historical writing is, obviously, not in the guide-book class, I should recommend it as a companion to anyone who would like to know Dublin better or who may be visiting Dublin for the first time.

Feigned Madness

HAMLET feigned madness: it has been asked whether he did or did not actually cross the line. The hero of Phyllis Bottome's new novel, *The Lifeline* (Faber; 9s. 6d.), consents to act mad, in order to play his part in an anti-Nazi plot in Austria. The Mark Chalmers whom we meet at the beginning is an Eton master, young at thirty-six—personable, pleased with himself and life; perhaps in some ways almost too nice a chap: he is vaguely irritating to his fellows. He is self-controlled to a fault; and has, like other Englishmen of his type, a dislike of anything excessive, emotional or violent. During a holiday in Austria, before the war though after the Anschluss, he becomes involved with a curious trio: a Jesuit priest, an artist (whose mad younger brother he is to pretend to be) and a woman psycho-analyst. So the story begins: Mark returns to England already pledged to a dangerous course. If anything, he rather dislikes Ida, the woman doctor, against the force of whose cold, ironic, compelling personality he has found himself unable to stand out.

Early in 1940, we have Mark making a parachute descent into Austria to begin his mission. He duly takes his place, a patient's place, in the madhouse—an isolated castle where, under cover of ruthless Nazi medical supervision, underground movement is going on. What is most interesting in this remarkable novel is (at least, so I find) the effect that consistent feigning of madness has on this hitherto too-well-ordered man. Strange spontaneous cries and exclamations surge out of him; his involuntary nature, his under-self, is laid bare. All this happens under the scrutinising eyes of Ida, who is a doctor at the hospital—and, gradually, there comes a change in the feeling Mark has for her. . . . There is a lot of movement and tension, and some fine mountain scenes, in *The Lifeline*. The incident of the dancing horses is bizarre, beautiful and sad.

An O'Casey Play

"OAK LEAVES AND LAVENDER" (Macmillan; 6s.) is a new play by Sean O'Casey. After the recent stage success of *Red Roses for Me* it will be read with interest. I never do think that O'Casey plays read as well as they act: for one thing, their symbolism, so impressive in the theatre, seems overdone to the point of absurdity on the printed page. Here we have an English country-house, near the South Coast, during the Battle of Britain: the central character is an Irish butler, Feelim O'Murrigan, whose son, Drishogue, is in the Air Force with the son of the house, Edgar Hatherleigh. There is a sort of chorus of Home Guard and Land Girls; and the play has a prologue of ghost dancers. I should be interested to see *Oak Leaves and Lavender* performed—though I must say I wonder whether our war-rav nerves could, for some time yet, stand up to some of the stage effects.

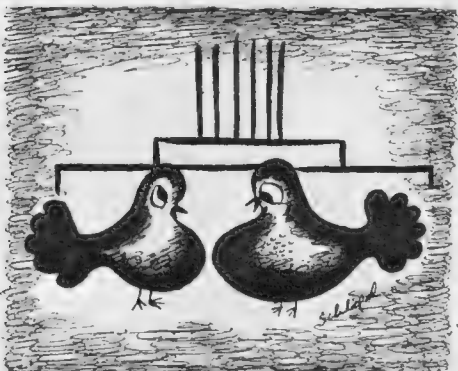
Nature

"FLOWING WATER" (Resurgam Books; 4s. 6d.) is a book of poems by a young R.A.F. corporal, Patrick Stevenson. They deal with Nature—snow, rivers, birds, cornfields, flowers, the sounds and silences of the countryside; and they have, somehow, the quality of flowing water, clear and impetuous. I liked particularly "June," and "To Any Visitor" (about a wartime baby).



Brodrick Haldane

Miss Dorothy Sells is the recently-appointed Labour Attaché at the American Legation in Berne, where she has been working since May of last year. During the war Miss Sells came to England to study the work of British railway women employees. She has written a number of books on labour and economic subjects



"This bread shortage is really getting me down. I haven't had a crumb for over a week"



Nicol — Finn

Lt.-Col. J. W. Nicol, The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, of Ballogie, Aberdeenshire, second son of Sir George and Lady Warner, of Sutton Courtenay House, near Abingdon, Berks., married Miss Diane Neame Finn, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Lewis Finn and of Mrs. Finn, of Lorenden, near Faversham

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Lord — Gibson

Lt. C. E. Lord, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Lord, of Guestling, Sussex, and late of Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, married Miss Nancy M. Gibson, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. Gibson, of Bramleys, Great Missenden, Bucks.



Wigglesworth — Redmayne

Sub-Lt. (A) Fred F. Wigglesworth, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Wigglesworth, of Allerton House, Leeds, married Miss Hazel Thorpe Redmayne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Redmayne, of Burgh-by-Sands, Carlisle, at Burgh-by-Sands Parish Church

(In our issue of June 12th we published the above picture, wrongly describing the bride and groom as Mr. Heywood and Miss Kyffin. Our apologies to Sub-Lt. and Mrs. Wigglesworth)



Burton — Flatau

Mr. Raymond Montague Burton, second son of Sir Montague and Lady Burton, of Harrogate, Yorks., married Miss Pamela Nancy Flatau, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Flatau, of 19, Weymouth Street, W.1



Winchilsea — Conroy

The Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham married Miss Agnes Mary Conroy, of Malvern House, Wigan, Lancs., at the Church of Corpus Christi, Maiden Lane, London



Zulver — Whittall

Mr. Cornelius Zulver, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Zulver, of Deo Data, Broad Walk, Winchmore Hill, N., married Miss Eleanor Marion Whittall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Whittall, of Audley, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, at Westminster Cathedral

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A fine herringbone suit adapted from a fifteenth century short straight tunic with gathered fullness, typical of the reign of Edward IV.

ROSE & BLAIRMAN LTD., DORVILLE HOUSE, MARGARET STREET, LONDON, W.1

BLACK AND WHITE



The new low rounded neckline outlined with broderie anglaise makes this one of the loveliest afternoon dresses of the new collections. It is a Selita model in black moss crepe, the skirt fullness gathered in the centre front. *Margaret Marks*

Jean Lorimer's Page

Another outstanding Selita model has wide tucks shaped like a Victory V in the skirt. The wide embroidered bib collar is detachable: without it the dress is transformed from an afternoon frock into a short informal dance dress for the evening. *Marshall & Snelgrove*

*Photographs by
Peter Clark*



HOW TO TELL A *real* JAMAL WAVE



IF IT ISN'T A
JAMAL VAPET
IT ISN'T A
JAMAL WAVE

Look for the name
"Jamal" on each yellow
and silver chequered
Vapet and refuse
substitutes.



ONLY JAMALOTIONS
MUST BE USED

Don't gamble
your personal loveliness
away. Jamalotions
are specially
prepared for the
scientifically precise
Jamal process.

Hair
styled
by
JOHN
HENRY

Look at the *Vapet

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Jamalotions can provide a real
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HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

Courtaulds RAYON

It may be some little time
yet before dresses and
lingerie made from
Courtaulds rayons are back
in the shops in pre-1939
abundance. All the same
we would remind those
who were buying in the
days of plenty to pass on
to their younger sisters the
advantages of thinking
in terms of serviceable
loveliness, which the
"Tested-Quality" mark
ensures.



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Downdraught

JUNE this year omitted to start flaming at the proper time, and before that there had been danger from frost to fruit crops. So the scheme of Professor A. W. Farrell deserves notice. It is to protect orchards and fruit in general from frost by hovering over them in a helicopter.

It seems that there is a strong downdraught from a helicopter rotor, and that this suffices to push down warm air from the ten to fifteen metres level. So all that has to be done, when frost threatens, is to fly slowly up and down over the fruit trees in a helicopter. No fires and no fuss.

The scheme is quite a serious one, and experiments have been made with a Sikorsky R-6A to determine just what does happen to the downdraught. It extends a long way below and around the machine. The only serious trouble seems to be expense. If they begin keeping our orchards free from frost by means of a fleet of helicopters, the price of apples will rise to about ten shillings each.

Honours

THERE were fewer aviation and motoring people in the honours list this time. The names of R. C. Rootes, A. G. Lamplugh and R. E. Bishop caught my eye. The brothers Rootes have been active in many kinds of war production. They showed, better perhaps than anybody else, that the production methods that were developing in the motor car industry just before the war were indeed efficient.

A considerable number of bricks have been cast at the motor industry recently by Government spokesmen. The industry deserved some criticism, but by no means all that has been aimed at it. In fact it is depressing to see an industry whose activities helped so much in turning out weapons of war now suddenly criticized as incapable and inefficient.

I admit that the new cars are not of inspiring appearance or design. But they are all of them interim models. It is worth recalling that even under the extreme pressure of war it was not possible to start turning out an entirely new design of aeroplane or motor vehicle the day after it had been ordered. I think that the really new models will be good—provided that there is not too much official interference.

Captain Lamplugh has made a world reputation as an authority on air insurance and Mr. Bishop is the chief designer to the de Havilland Company.

Aerial Time-Table

TWO new publications deserve a welcome. One is the *Air A.B.C.*, a monthly guide to the air services similar to the railway A.B.C. and published by the same people; the other is the *Swiss Interavia Review*. This is a well-printed review—my copy being in French—which covers the whole ground of international aviation.

Railway time-tables are so complex that few can understand them and few want to spend the time and eye-strain needed to learn. But the A.B.C., by starting from a simple basic assumption, simplified the whole process.

The basic assumption is that all lines begin and end at London. In railway travel there are hosts of exceptions; but as the distances of the journeys go up, so the assumption becomes firmer. Most really long-distance journeys from Britain, for example, are started at London. And most long-distance journeys from other parts of the world to Britain end at London.

On such long-range journeys, therefore, the need for the time-table kind of reference is extremely small. The A.B.C. method usually works. This new aerial A.B.C. is well furnished with maps, details about the operating companies and so on.

The *Interavia Review* is done by the same people who issue a form of newsletter. The newsletter is of value to people in the aviation industry for it has, in Geneva, an able editorial staff which sorts out and classifies the air news from all over the world and then presents it clearly and concisely. The review is rather different from the newsletter. It is a big magazine, using fine paper and good printing and containing special articles.

Co-operation

THE idea of grouping aircraft and motor cars together is sound, for these two are complementary. Our aircraft operators would do better if they understood that the motor car serves the aeroplane better than any other vehicle for terminal purposes.

So I was glad to hear of the plan of the two Mayos, R. H. and Jack, to supply people with the car, commercial vehicle or aircraft that meets their needs. Major R. H. Mayo is the chairman and Mr. Jack Mayo is the managing director.

Major Mayo is best known for his composite aircraft invention, one of the most remarkable brain-waves in the whole history of aviation, and one whose value in the war we threw away out of sheer cussedness and the inability of senior R.A.F. officers to understand what it was all about.

The Automobile and Aircraft Services Company Ltd., as it is called, is to have its head office and showrooms in St. James's Street. But while those premises are being made ready a temporary head office has been established in Dorset Street.

Ducted Fans

THERE is a half-house between the complete turbojet and the gas turbine driving an ordinary airscrew and that is the ducted fan. We shall be seeing some work on this kind of power unit soon. But some believe that it would be a mistake to devote too much attention either to ducted fans or to gas turbines driving airscrews. They think that the right thing is to move straight forward to the plain turbojet. And I must say the evidence suggests that they are right.



S/Ldr. G. Alistair Lean, R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Iona Edith Hope Murray, whose marriage took place recently at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. Hope Murray and of Mrs. Hope Murray, and is a sister of the Viscountess Devonport

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P.662a

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Stories from Everywhere

THE politician was very pleased with himself—although, actually, he had very little reason to be. His self-satisfaction annoyed many of his friends, and one of them decided to take a rise out of him one day.

"Ah, hello!" said the friend, slapping the M.P. on the back. "I knew you when your name was unknown."

"Sir," came the reply, in dignified accents, "I'll have you know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror."

"And I remember you when you hadn't a shirt to your back," persisted the friend.

"This is simply monstrous!" spluttered the M.P.

"I come of a very wealthy family."

"And I've seen you rolling about quite incapable of standing," the other went on.

"I am a teetotaller, sir," screamed the M.P. in a rage. "And you will hear from my solicitors about this."

"Don't take offence, old man," laughed the friend. "You see, I was present at your christening."

A GIRL sent a sample of her elderly suitor's handwriting to an expert in caligraphy.

"I know there is a great difference between our ages," she wrote, "but do you think he is likely to make a good husband?"

The reply came back quite quickly:

"I can't offer you much hope, my dear," it read. "He's been married to me for eleven years, and I can't recommend him to anyone as a husband—let alone as a good one."

AN old carrier cart was ambling along a country road one dark night. A large car approached from the opposite direction, and the driver dipped his glaring headlights to avoid dazzling the carrier.

"George," said the carrier to his companion, "we must return the compliment. Just blow out that offside candle."



The Medes and Persians Golfing Society: by "Mel"

THIS Society, which is restricted to fifty members, was started twenty-five years ago. Its membership is comprised of men who are all keen on golf as a means of relaxation from their daily work, and includes several prominent members of the City and some Australians. They do not claim to excel at the game but the spirit of good fellowship in the Society is remarkable. Their meetings are always the most pleasant affairs where golf is played light-heartedly and all enjoy themselves without stint

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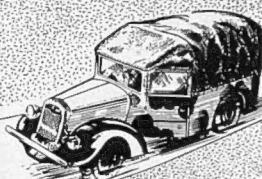


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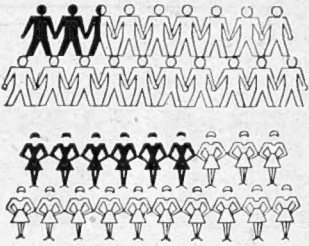
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